

*The history*

*Enter Therfites folus.*

How now *Therfites*? what lost in the Labyrinth of thy furie? shall the Elephant *Aiax* carry it thus? he beates me, and I raile at him: O worthy satisfaction, would it were otherwise: that I could beate him, whilst hee raild at mee: Sfoote, Ile learne to coniure and raise Diuels, but Ile see some issue of my spitefull execrations. Then ther's *Achilles*, a rare inginer. If Troy bee not taken till these two vndermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of them-selues. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art *Ioue* the king of gods: and *Mercury*, loose all the Serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*, if yee take not that little little lesse then little witte from them that they haue: which short-armed Ignorance it selfe knowes is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumuention deliuer a flie from a spider, without drawing their massie Irons, and cutting the web. After this the vengeance on the whole campe, or rather the Neopolitan bone-ache: for that me thinkes is the curse depending on those that warre for a placket. I haue said my prayers, and diuell Enuie say *Amen*. What ho my Lord *Achilles*?

*Patrocl.* Whose there? *Therfites*? good *Therfites* come in and raile.

*Therfi.* If I could a remembred a guile counterfeit, thou couldst not haue slipt out of my contemplation: but it is no matter, thy selfe vpon thy selfe. The common curse of mankinde, Folly and Ignorance, be thine in great reueneue: Heauen blesse thee from a tutor, and discipline come not neere thee. Let thy bloud be thy direction till thy death: then if she that layes thee out sayes thou art not a faire course, Ile be sworne and sworne vpon't, thee neuer shrowded any but lazars. *Amen*. Where's *Achilles*?

*Patro.* What art thou deuout? wast thou in prayer?

*Therfi.* I the heauens heare me.

*Patro.* Amen.

*Enter Achilles.*

*Achil.* Who's there?

*Patro.* *Therfites*. my Lord.

*Achil.* Where? where? O where? art thou come why my cheefe,

*of Troilus and*

cheefe, my digestion, why hast thou my table, so many meales, come

*Ther.* Thy commander *Achilles* whats *Achilles*?

*Patro.* Thy Lord *Therfites*. what's *Therfites*?

*Ther.* Thy knower, *Patroclus*. what art thou?

*Patro.* Thou must tell that know

*Achil.* O tell, tell.

*Ther.* Ile decline the whole commands *Achilles*. *Achilles* is my er, and *Patroclus* is a foole.

*Achil.* Deriue this? come?

*Ther.* *Agamemnon* is a foole les, *Achilles* is a foole to be com to serue such a foole, and this *Patro*

*Patro.* Why am I a foole?

*Ther.* Make that demand of thou art: looke you, who comes

*Enter Agam: Vliss: Nestor.*

*Achil.* Come *Patroclus*, Ile sit in with me *Therfites*.

*Ther.* Here is such patcherie, uery: all the argument is a quarrell to draw emulous factio

*Agam.* Where is *Achilles*?

*Patro.* Within his tent, but ill

*Agam.* Let it be knowne to him

He fate, our messengers and we Our appertainings, visiting of him Let him be told so, least perchance We dare not moue the question Or know not what we are.

*Patro.* I shall say so to him.

*Vliss.* We saw him at the open Hee is not sick.

*Aiax.* Yes Lion sick, sick of